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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BACONIAN HYPOTHESIS IN THE UNITED STATES—THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM AND ITS DEBACLE—JUDGE NATHANIEL HOLMES DECLINES TO ACCEPT MR. DONNELLY—A FURTHER CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Prior chapters ante IV 8. VI 41, 95.)

But history was to again repeat itself! The Baconian Theory definitely reared its crest once more, in the year 1888, thirty-two years after Delia Bacon's announcement thereof, but only to be again hurled to earth, riddled and done to death in the house of its friends; which seems to have been, from one fortuity or another, always and everywhere its fate! Ignatius Donnelly's big quarto "The Great Cryptogram," made its appearance at the threshold of the summer; or, as it has been not always unhappily called, "the silly season" of that year. It was trumpeted upon the four winds. The name of a newspaper in the United States, England, or Germany that did not give columns or even pages to the exploitation thereof, would be a curiosity. Occasionally one of these, it is pleasant to say, treated Mr. Donnelly with respect; the vast majority of them ridiculed and travestied his "Cryptogram," to the utmost limit to which lampoon could go.

Doubtless the era of Shakespeare and of Bacon was one in which ciphers and cryptograms would be expected, for it was an era in which no man's house was his castle, when the search-warrants of Star Chamber went everywhere, breaking locks and beating down portals; while-equally if these search-warrants found anything or nothing, the rack and the thumb-screw and the boot resulted for the miserable house-holder. For being suspected was the equivalent of being a transgressor. And so Francis Bacon, boy or man, saw very little, if any, personal protection even to the highest and most-entitled. When he was eleven years old the massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred. And on a smaller scale, the same thing went on in England.

Perhaps it was to secure some liberty of movement removed from the espionage of the law that he himself invented two ciphers. Both of them, with scarcely any modifications, are in use to-day for commercial purposes, these being, respectively, the Morse alphabet, for the basis of all telegraphy is simply Bacon's two-letter cipher, dots and dashes being substituted for letters, and his "wheel-cipher," with concentric circles lettered on their margin and revolving the one within the other, which, of course, is the present combination lock. In his "De Augmentis Scientiarun" he gave an example of the former

Manere te volo donec venero,
FVGE!

The salient word being extracted by reducing the two sorts of letters in the sentence to combinations of A and B, and these again to their equivalents until the message should be reached. But Mr. Donnelly's cipher dealt with neither of these. Instead of the revelation, it was rather the concealment by burial in the mechanical context, of an immaterial narrative; the necessary syllables being often whole pages apart in the First Folio, extractable only by painful counting addition, subtraction, multiplication of "root numbers," "modifiers," and the like, Mr. Donnelly always permitting himself to add or subtract the unit from his results, so that, did one care to take the trouble, it were an illusive syllable indeed that would escape employment in any sentence to be constructed! The opportunity for jibe and sport for the newspaper in this sort of thing was enormous, and the preliminary thesis of Mr. Donnelly's book—which really presented the most elaborate statement of the Baconian Theory in its circumstantial aspect that had ever been tabulated, was so utterly and entirely dwarfed and submerged that it passed without any notice at all! Indeed it is doubtful, if, in the thousands of reviews, a single publication discussed the Baconian Theory per se; or, if it did, did not dismiss it by a process reminding of Dr. Johnson's holy fakirs, who perambulated the streets of Constantinople ejaculating "in the name of the Prophet —Figs." Of all the millions on millions of the readers of these articles, precisely the same thing happened again as happened in the case of poor Delia Bacon. Only one human being believed. That human being was, of course, the "young man of genius and intellect, who," according to Hawthorne, "was the only person who ever read Delia Bacon's Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded"—William Douglas O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor lost little time in issuing the following pronouncements:

"Mr. Donnelly's cipher is perfectly unanswerable! It is nothing but folly or impudence in any reviewer to deny that which is based not on opinion, but on certainty."

(Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers Page 15.)

The existence of the Baconian cipher in the Shakespeare Text, in view of the decision of persons who are authorities, is no longer an hypothesis.—It is a *Fact*.

(Id.)

Of the existence of the scientific decision supporting the claims of the Donnelly cipher, the reviewers were well aware. For it was widely published prior to their onslaughts. But what care they for decisions? The purposes of the flippant persifleur or the literary slasher holds against all oracles. These men would have denied algebra; and reviewed without mercy, the Arab that devised it.

(Id., page 16.)

That Mr. O'Connor was entirely sincere in his eulogy of Mr. Donnelly and not above using his "Cryptogram" as an opportunity to exploit Mr. O'Connor, I am led to suspect by reading on page 58 of Mr. Traubel's second volume of "Whitman in Camden" (Whitman loquitur) Did you known O'Connor is writing a long reply to Donnelly's critics in the Shakespeare business? I have no doubt it will be very bright; brighter than Donnelly himself by far. William [Mr. O'Connor] is thoroughly grounded in the lore of that period. I am convinced that he understands the philosophy of the question much better than Donnelly himself."

After twenty-eight years of burial, these proclamations sound strangely like Lady Jane in Patience. "To me it all seems nonsence." "Yes," says Lady Jane, "But oh, what precious nonesense!" Mr. Dana of the Sun wrote me asking me to prepare a paper covering the whole business. But pressure of other matters at that time prevented me and I never got at it. But nevertheless, I was soon to be in the thick of it, as will presently appear. And now to the tale that hangs thereby!

Soon after my interview with Mr. Donnelly in St. Paul, I received a letter from Mr. O'Connor in which he stated that Mr. Donnelly's cipher was coming out famously. Mr. O'Connor reported that Mr. Donnelly had just worked out this: "I remember him (Shakespeare) a foul, dirty little urchin, hanging around the theatre door." I immediately wrote Mr. O'Connor that there must be some mistake in this, because, as Shakespeare was between

eighteen and twenty years old at that time, he couldn't exactly have been called "a little urchin." By return mail from Washington, where Mr. O'Connor then lived, (and, as it struck me, before a letter could have well gone from Washington to Hastings, Minnesota, back again, and from Washington to me in New York City,) came this from Mr. O'Connor: "I was mistaken; the cipher reads, not "little urchin," but "a horson knave about twenty; but his beard not yet fledged." I said nothing to this. There was nothing to say about a cheveril cipher, that could be read optionally, "a ragged little urchin," or "a horson knave about twenty." On pages 758-759 of the Great Cryptogram, it would appear that Mr. Donnelly finally concluded to read it in the latest form. For the entire passage there is, "The horson knave was at this time about twenty, but his beard is not fledgel; there is not a hair on his chin; it is as smooth as my hand; he was almost naked, without shirt, cloak or stockings; nothing but a cap; his shoes out at the heels, short slops and a smock on his back, out at elbow and not even clean; the truth is, he lived at this time in great infamy."

"Every word in this sentence, Mr. Donnelly states, is extracted by laborious use of the number 338, added to or multiplied (or possibly divided) by some other number" until the brain,—or at least any other brain than that of Mr. O'Connor's, reeled! But Mr. O'Connor accepted it all as proof as strong as Holy Writ. Sometime prior to this, Mr. O'Connor had sent me the manuscript of his reply to Richard Grant White's attack on Mrs. Pott's "Promus," requesting that I find him a publisher therefor. At Mrs. Pott's request, I had given her letter to my friend, the late Henry O. Houghton, senior partner of Houghton, Mifflin & Company—(The Riverside Press), and when in London she had prevailed upon him to take a certain number of copies of the "Promus," which were marketed in the United States with that firm's imprint. Upon its appearance, Richard Grant White had attacked it in a merciless article in the Atlantic monthly (which afterwards was reprinted in Mr. White's last volume of Shakespeare Papers). I narrated to Mr. O'Connor the story of my endeavors. I told him that with every magazine editor or publisher I had approached, the conversation had been about like this:—

My dear Mr. Morgan:—If we printed this, we would be snowed under for the next ten years with reams of stuff, which all the cranks, and a lot of people who are not cranks, in Christendom, have got lying ready to launch at an editor who opens his pages to, or a publisher, who prints a book, about the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

Myself: In other words, you wont print anything about the controversy, because the public interest in it is so enormous?

Editor or Publisher: Well, that may be the way it looks to you, but unless Mr. O'Connor gets an act of congress passed compelling it, we wont print his manuscripts.

It was at last printed, however, in a slim twelvemo., in 1889, by the very firm, Houghton Mifflin & Company, which had already issued Mrs. Pott's "Promus"—Mr. White's explosion thereof—in the "Atlantic" and now Mr. O'Connor's explosion of Mr. White! Which speaks well for the catholicity of the Riverside Press! It was while corresponding with Mr. O'Connor as to getting his "Hamlet's Note Book" published, that the letter (Dec. 27, 1884) containing the reading of the Donnelly cipher—about the ragged little urchin reached me. The matter had passed out of my mind, when one day, a stout gentleman with the face of an Ecce Homo, and long silken auburn hair, and leaning heavily upon a cane, called at my private office, Number 21 Park Row, New York City, and introduced himself as Mr. O'Connor in proper person. Of course we had plenty to say to each other. He spent the day with me, we lunched at "Old Toms," and dined at "The Studio" together, and I saw him upon his train for Washington at midnight after as delightful a day as I had ever had, parting as I supposed the best of friends. Nothing that afterwards turned up can ever make me forget the gentleman he was. The more than flattering; the effusively, and even embarrassingly kind things he was pleased to say about my "Myth," and about my small and bootless services in trying to place his "Hamlet's Notebook" with a publisher!

It was not long after, however, before I began to realize that, somehow or other, I had fallen from grace. Mr. Donnelly's and Mr. O'Connor's letters, which had previously arrived at brief intervals, entirely ceased. Professor Davidson in the New York World inserted one or more squibs to the effect that whatever Mr. Appleton Morgan's specialty was, it was evidently not "Shakespeare." I was temporarily relieved of apprehension of brewing storms, however, when I saw that Mr. Donnelly's book handled me gently, as follows:

"I regret that I cannot include in the catalogue of Baconians, Mr. Appleton Morgan, author of "The Shakespearean Myth." But Mr. Morgan writes me recently that he is not a Baconian. This is more to be regretted because his book is a powerful assault upon Shakespeare's authorship, and it seems to me that if Shakespeare did not write the plays, there is no one left to dispute the palm with Francis Bacon. Certainly, there could not have been half a dozen Shakespeares lying loose in London just at that time. While Mr.

Morgan gives us in his work, few facts not already contained in the writing of Judge Holmes and others, he arrays the arguments in the case with the skill of a trained lawyer, and brings out his conclusions in a forcible manner. But I regret to see evidence in some of Mr. Morgan's recent utterances, which lead me to fear that he has recanted the opinions expressed in "The Myth" and that he thinks that the man of Strafford may, after all, have written the plays."

But the storm my guilty conscience had forseen, however, was not, to be long delayed in the breaking. One morning in getting down to my office, I found piled on my table twenty-three copies of a square, twelve mo. pamphlet, entitled "Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers, By William D. O'Connor, 1889, Chicago, New York San Francisco, Belford Clarke and Company." On opening one of the copies I found a page "In Memoriam," stating that Mr. O'Connor had died on the morning of May 9th, 1887. This certainly induced a tender and sympathetic reading of the posthumous work of a man I had known so recently in life, and I proceeded to the body of the book almost with reverence. What was my surprise to find that of its ninety pages, thirty-two were devoted to vituperation and onslaught upon myself, and that the gentleman who was my guest at "Old Tom's" and "The Studio," and who had assured me that I was the Cid-Campeador of the controversy: "the most brilliant advocate the anti-Shakespeare Theory ever had," "the keen witted lawyer," "the wiper-away in one swoop of triviality and cavil," now declared me really: "A Mud-witted old duffer," "a Dealer in shallow guff," "a leader of anti-Baconian Banditti," "a Dullard," "a Dunce," "a Snarleyow," "a Persifleur," "an ossified intelligence," "a Philistine," "a man without perception or recepetivity, "one subject to his humours, to moods of resistance or east winds," "one without generosity or equity," ("a diminuendo reminding of the warning that, if one carelessly permitted himself to indulge in murder, he might bring up by smoking cigarettes!") "a Jack the Ripper," "a Scoundrel who by eggregious flubdub was trying to kill Mr. Donnelly's magnificent discovery" and so on. The strain however, was varied by pastoral elegance, such as: "All Mr. Morgan wants is a broad hat of plated straw, blue ribbon, a crook, and some sheep, to be a molly-coddle, and an orthodox Shakespearean." (This referring to my unfortunately having said somewhere that the diction of Mr. Donnelly's cipher narrative would hardly remind its readers of Lord Bacon's stately and sumptuous English.)

I was wondering whether it was the dinner or the lunch that had been so bad, when, in flipping over the leaves, I noticed the terms "bitter-beer," and "bottle-ale," profusely printed over about twenty-five or thirty pages. It will

be remembered (New Shakespeareana VI 120) that, in Mr. Donnelly's letter to me, which I sent to Mrs. Pott, and which was subsequently printed in "The Nineteenth Century" for May, 1886, he told how the cipher unfolded the description of a dinner given by Shakespeare to Bacon's confidential man, Harry Percy, at New Place, where they had "bitter-beer" to drink. Now, as it happened, when Mr. O'Connor and I were at luncheon, we were drinking Bass' Ale ourselves. I lifted my glass and remarked: "If Shakespeare had had any of this to give Harry Percy, then Mr. Donnelly's cipher description would be all right." As Mr. O'Connor had talked of nothing else but the Donnelly cipher all day, and was willing to swear to it, "unsight and unseen," he pricked up his ear at this and asked me what I meant. I explained to him that "bitter-beer"—"a glass of bitter,"—meant in England to-day Bass' Ale; but that while it was very unsafe to make any statement about things in Shakespeare's time, I had rather grave doubts whether there was any such thing technically known as "bitter-beer" in those days. Mr. O'Connor thought a moment, and then said "Mr. Donnelly's work is very intricate and laborious, and it is not impossible that in bringing out the letters "b-i-t," he might have supplied the rest hypothetically; and, anyhow, all this is subject to revision. It will be long years before Bacon's majestic work will be completely laid bare." Mr. O'Connor must have written all this to Mr. Donnelly, however, for, when the book appeared, "bitter-beer" had become "bottle-ale." And presently, now, I began to receive violent letters from Mr. Donnelly, with whom I had supposed myself to be upon at least dignified, if not cordial, terms; all of which letters, of course, I returned without comment. I did feel, however, that they justified me in permitting myself to be interviewed about the book, especially since I had strictly kept my stipulation with Mr. Donnelly that I was not to comment upon it before publication. This interview added fuel to the flames. It seems that I had remarked in this interview that, by changing "bitter-beer" to "bottle-ale," Mr. Donnelly had laid one question and raised another. Was there any "bottle-ale" drunk upon people's tables in England in Shakespeare's time? I thought it impossible. Twenty pages were hardly enough for Mr. O'Connor to demonstrate with lavish vindictiveness my impudence and temerity in setting myself up as an authority in Elizabethan matters; and he triumphantly confuted me out of the Plays themselves.

"The Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses."

Twelfth Night II. iii. 29.

"Every one that can frame a book in ryme, though it be but in com-

mendation of copper noses or bottle-ale, will catch at the garlands due to poets."

Webb's Discourse of English poetry, 1586.

"Away you bottle-ale rascal!"

2 Henry the Fourth II. iv. 140.

Of course these quotations establish my point. Ale was brewed everywhere in those days (notably so according to the records at New Place). It was brewed in every gentleman's establishment, and in every tavern. It was drunk in enormous quantities by everybody; morning, noon, and night. (In the year 1570, according to the State Papers, the students of Trinity College, Cambridge, consumed 2250 barrels). It was kept on free-tap in the butteries for the servants, and "beef and beer" was the nearest approach to breakfast (it was rather a mid-day luncheon) which most Englishmen and women, in court or hovel, knew anything about. It was quite unnecessary to bottle it for home consumption. Necessary quantities of ale were, however, bottled to be carried on ships, and when the bottles were brought home empty, the trifle of ale left in the bottom of the bottles was "swipes" and, of course, particularly nasty. The only bottle-ale or ale in bottles in England therefore, being "swipes;" "bottle-ale," like "the remainder biscuit after a voyage" was a synonym for anything particularly vile and disagreeable. Mr. O'Connor's quotations amply prove this: "The Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses." That is, according to the clown; they sell good ale at the Myrmidon tavern, one gets no swipes there! Ancient Pistol could be called nothing so contemptuous by Mistress Doll, as a "bottle-ale rascal." And the Webb quotation happens to couple "copper noses" and "bottle-ale," as one should say "cats and dogs," that is—things not worth mentioning.

And again if Mr. O'Connor had been "well-grounded in the lore of that period," as Whitman thought, he would have been familiar with Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass." There he would have found still more emphatic testimony, printed in the year that Shakespeare died. There, a character "Merecraft," (who is a sort of Col. Mulberry Sellers) is ridiculed as the author of absurd and ridiculous projects for making fortunes. It is curious to note that everyone of these projects has been found practicable, and that they all are to this day valuable, to wit. "The recovery of drowned lands" (that is, the draining of swamps to make arable fields); "the making gloves of dog-skin," "making wine out of raisins:" and, save the mark! "bottling ale" for home consumption! Of course, one need not suggest that if there had been ale in bottles as a potable already, Jonson would not have made his promoter propose to "bottle-ale" as an innovation! Mr. O'Connor's citations prove himself

out of court. But Mr. O'Connor did not confine himself to a single specification. He proceeds to show that, not only as to "bottle-ale," but as to all other matters, I was the last pretender to scholarship to dare to concern myself about anything so learned as the Donnelly cipher. Here was a specification for example:

"He (Shakespeare) is the son of a poor peasant who yet follows the trade of glove making, seq.

(Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers, page 26.)

I had, it seems, remarked of this sentence: "Yet" in the sense of meaning "up to the present time," and not in the sense of "in spite of," with a negative before or after it, (that is not an adverb of time) is considerably later than Bacon's date;" and had given Dr. Abbott's "Shakespearean Grammar" as authority. This was Mr. O'Connor's opportunity. "The assertion of so eminent an authority," he cries, "must have been very damaging to Mr. Donnelly." As Dr. Morgan, however, unaccountably mentioned Dr. Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, in this connection, I (Mr. O'Connor) at once turned to the book and found in the very first instance his (Dr. Morgan's) assertion flatly contradicted." "Yet" in the sense of "still," explains Dr. Abbott, and to show that it is not as Dr. Morgan says, "considerably later than Bacon's date," he quotes "You Diana under my poor instructions yet must suffer something in my behalf." "(All's Well that Ends Well,)" and then Mr. O'Connor, confident that none of his readers would look up Dr. Abbott, proceeded to rearrange Dr. Abbott's sentence as Mr. O'Connor desired it to read, omitting the essential "with a negative before or after it," which made it read just as required. Nobody would, of course, think of interrupting Mr. O'Connor's picturesque locution; but, if he did, he would find (page 55 third Edition)—"Yet" (up to this time) is never used now, after a negative, then (in Shakespeare's time) it was used after a negative (giving plentiful examples). But the bold ruse of appealing to an authority really against him, in confidence that nobody would bother to verify it, was only one of the features of this remarkable gentleman, and he was so delighted with it that he did it in eleven different examples. Mr. O'Connor was not a scholar nor even a well-read man. He had been, however, an editor in Boston and in Philadelphia, he had been at many great feasts of languages, and stolen may scraps; he had stolen facts as well as scraps—and he never fails to mortise an unfamiliar fact into his use of a quotation in a way to make the wonder grow that one small head could carry all his erudition. For example, "These, says Mr. Clapp, are 'specimen bricks' and 'tis no dearest foe, etc., who thus presents him in the character of the comic numbskull of Aristo-

phanes, who comes in upon the stage amidst the laughter of the ages, and offering a brick from the corse as a specimen of the marble temple." Take him all in all, we never shall look upon Mr. O'Connor's like again—Peace to his ashes! Of course, my impulse was to in some way invent a pretext for exposing the clever misleadingness of the criticism upon myself. But what was the use? He who excuses, accuses; he who explains, is damned; and Mr. O'Connor was dead, like Marley, to begin with. One cannot drag a dead man before the courts. And so, from that day to this, I have made no illusion, other than the above, to the matter of Mr. O'Connor's attack. The point is, however, that the "Cryptogram" once more effectually killed the Baconian Theory and sunk it deeper than ever plummet sounded. Except Mr. O'Connor, no Baconian came to poor Mr. Donnelly's assistance; and he was left to struggle in the boiling waves alone, possibly on the Lucretian principle—

> Suave mare magno turbantibus aequora ventis
> E terra longa alterius spectare laborem!

"The Great Cryptogram" was, except as to the notoriety it achieved, a dismal failure. Somebody was to be selected as the enemy who had caused this failure and it seems that I was to be the selected person. Until the day of his death, Mr. Donnelly charged me with the conspiracy that procured the débacle. One charge was that I had made up my mind to destroy it because the honour and profit of bringing the book out was not given to a firm of publishers in which I was interested (though judging from its commercial history it would have been more to my substantial interest to have sent it to a firm in whose prosperity I was not interested.) Another charge was that the Fraternity of Free Masons (The successors of the order of the Rosy Cross—The Roscicrucians—whose animosity to Lord Bacon for having made their secrets known, was still—after three hundred years—quick to the fore, had commanded me to kill Mr. Donnelly's book. (This proposition seems to have grown out of the remarkable brain of the late Mr. W. H. Burr, a Washington pamphleteer, who occupied himself in impartially demonstrating the impossibility of any existing convictions, such as that Moses wrote the Pentatuch, Sir Philip Francis the Junius letters, and so on, and, of course, that Shakespeare wrote his plays! In Mr. Burr's pamphlet "Light on Free Masonry (Washington, 1901,) etc., etc., appeared this passage: "The suspension of the publication of the 'Cipher Story' by Dr. Owen may be due to the fact that he is a Free Mason, subject to the rules of the Order. In the New York World of May 6, 1888, Dr. Appleton Morgan said: 'Ten years ago, I

was an avowed Baconian.' His book, "The Shakespeare Myth," published in 1881, upheld the Baconian authorship of the Plays; but suddenly Dr. Morgan recanted and wrote a book and several pamphlets and papers to prove the exact contrary. Baconians everywhere were dumbfounded. The reason for the change is now apparent. Dr. Morgan is a Free Mason. He was made to understand that Bacon was a "renegade" or bad Mason, and that his name must not be mentioned—that it was as dead in record as in fact—least of all should any good be said of him" Another proposition was, that I had written letters threatening some dire calamity (possibly death) to Mrs. Pott, Mr. Burr, and Mr. Donnelly himself, unless these ceased exploiting Bacon. One of these letters Mr. Donnelly prints in his last book, "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone (Saint Paul, 1899)" signed by an assumed name, however. But the most astounding indictment of all (and this I should not have credited had I not seen it with my own eyes in print), was that the railroads of the United States were so afraid of Ignatius Donnelly and so fearful of the consequences if he was enabled; by the great wealth that would accrue to him from the success of "The Great Cryptogram," to pursue them in legislature and in the courts, that they (the railways) employed Appleton Morgan to destroy the book by ridicule and abuse! (The Minneapolis Tribune, June 3, 1888.) Certainly only a mind diseased, or a man who had eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner, could have made a statement like that! I have no doubt that Mr. Donnelly's mind was unshaken at the last. His last book, just referred to, was so bizarre and preposterous that no book-reviewer noticed it at all. It did not hesitate to construct a cipher narrative word by coupling a syllable on one page with another syllable on a page ten pages behind it in the same Elizabethan book, or even in another book printed years after the date of the first book. It announced that Mr. Donnelly had also found a Cipher in Ben Jonson, and it suggested that Lord Bacon constructed his "ciphers" by means of perforated sheets of paper, each the size of the First Folio, the cipher being written through the perforation so that when the "mat" was removed, the plays could be written around the cipher words, and plentiful other propositions too ridiculous for repetition.

One pleasant Autumn afternoon, I rang the doorbell of Judge Holmes's residence on Brattle street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was not at all uncertain of his identity when the Judge himself answered it—a tall sparely-built gentleman, dignified in carriage, with a clean-shaven studious face, and firm

bright eyes. He led me into his study, and we were soon immersed in the Baconian Theory. My first venture was unfortunate. I said, "Judge Holmes, two men must have known the facts. Ben Jonson and Tobie Matthew. Both of them survived Bacon. How could they have possibly kept such a secret? Charles the First read Shakespeare and discussed him with his ministers, Claredon in his 'History of the Rebellion' says that 'the King and Falkland most of all admired that Shakespeare, in Caliban, had created a new kind of being.'" "Not at all, Sir," said Judge Holmes, "Both Ben Jonson and Matthew were devoted to Bacon's memory; and if he had pledged them to keep the secret, they would have kept it at all hazards." This convinced me that Judge Holmes had no intentions for his part to compromise, and I hurriedly said that I was eager to learn his views; that my own position in the matter had been irenic rather than dogmatic or controversial, etc. It seemed to gratify him to hear Bacon praised, when I said that even Pope's line admitted that Bacon was the "Greatest and Wisest of mankind." That he was also the "meanest" could be nothing but an overstatement; for the "greatest" could not possibly be the "meanest;" and besides, after a man's death, it matters not what his personal characteristics were in discussing his output. I spoke of the lordly English in which Bacon clothed even a legal definition (as where, in his "History of Henry the Seventh" he defined Equity as "The Praetorian Power for mitigating the rigour of Law in case of extremity by the conscience of the good man)" and of the banality of supposing that the cipher story as extracted by Mr. Donnelly could be assigned to him! "Yes, said Judge Holmes, Bacon was first of all a worshipper of Equity, he had nothing too good to say of Henry the Eighth because Henry the Eighth was a constitutional monarch." "Yes, I said, he didn't close the Monasteries summarily, he managed to have Parliament do it by sending out emissaries to find abuses (which, of course, they found as they were ordered to do) and then he got the people to clamour for closing the said monasteries, telling them that it would decrease taxes, "Which it didn't though," interposed Judge Holmes with a grimace!" I told him of my meeting with Dr. Donnelly, and asked him what he thought of it all. (The cipher and the rest of it.) "Well," said he, "that's how he (Mr. Donnelly) does it," (meaning that that was the way in which Mr. Donnelly had arrived for himself at the conviction that Bacon wrote Shakespeare) and inferred that this was as far as he—Judge Holmes—cared to go, for he that is not against us, is with us, and after all, Mr. Donnelly, like Judge Holmes, believed that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. I stated that Mr. Donnelly had told me that he had become convinced of the existence of a cipher from reading Miss Bacon's

article in Putnam's Monthly, and he had been lead by his own inner consciousness thereafter. "Very likely Delia Bacon's article is what started me," said Judge Holmes. "I set to work to find out if there was any reason for the proposition, and my method was to read Bacon, when I came across anything that reminded me of Shakespeare, I entered it in a column, and—over against it—anything in the plays that appeared to me like Bacon. In that way, I had the context pretty well laid down." (I am not giving Judge Holmes' exact words, of course.) "I then tried to ascertain, as nearly as I was able, the dates on or about which these matters were written, and I was surprised to find that I was able to go from Shakespeare to Bacon, and from Bacon to Shakespeare, and at about the same dates to find the same sentiment or allusion cropping out in each." "Let me call your attention, Mr. Morgan, to one of the curious things I found. Here, (stirring up a pile of papers on the table until he found what he wanted.) Here, he said, is a memoranda on "Equivocation." You recall that the drunken porter in Macbeth, says: "Here's an Equivocator?" Has anybody ever explained that? Well I can explain it. On the trial of the conspirators in the Guy Falks Gunpowder Plot in 1606, they found among the papers of Tresham, a memorandum in the handwriting of a Jesuit Priest, one Garnet, (or partially in his handwriting) showing examples of what sort of "equivocation" was not considered sinful—not held to be lying or perjury, according to Jesuit ethics. Mr. Spedding (who wrote me lately that he cannot see yet that there is the slightest resemblance between Shakespeare and Bacon) tells us that Bacon was King's Counsel during these trials. Now Bacon sent to Tobie Matthew, a "relation," that is an account of these very examples of Jesuit "Equivocation." Here is the reference. (Spedding, "Letters and Life" III 255.) Bacon writes Matthew that this "Powder Treason" is fit to be tabled and pictured in the chambers of meditation as another hell above ground." I remarked that this was new to me, and connected perhaps, with the discovery that "a farmer that hanged himself in expectation of plenty" (in that same drunken porter's speech) was Sordido, a character in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," who got up a corner in corn and was ruined by the forecast of a plentiful crop—ought to mean a good deal. "Yes," said Judge Holmes, "Mr. Donnelly arrives by his own road. We each merely get to wherever we land, by different routes. Dr. Paley and his watch convince some people of the Evidence of Christianity; "Butler's Analogy" convinces others; some believe because their mother taught them; all roads to Rome, etc., etc.

"And what do you think of Mrs. Pott's 'Promus?'" I asked. "That,"

said he, is the most valuable thing we have, and if anybody could be convinced by anything, "that will convince him." Such a united concentration of ideas and identities would be incredible unless Shakespeare wrote under the pseudonym of 'Francis Bacon' as James Freeman Clarke suggested, or vice versa." "But are not some of Mrs. Pott's entries strained?" I interspersed. "Many of them may be," he replied, "but not even the most perfect of them are convincing to anyone who is determined not to be convinced. There are many entries which have helped me fill gaps in my book, especially. For example, you remember what Bacon wrote to Tobie Matthew, that he was at work on certain "works of the Alphabet?" Most of us surmised that these were ciphers; but there it is in the 'Promus:' "Isdem é literis efficitur tragedia et comedia;" that is, Tragedies and comedies are of one alphabet. I referred to the pages in the First Folio, that Mr. Donnelly says first chained his conviction until "Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's son," stared him in the face. (He had stamped upon the binding of the book, a brace of demons starting aghast at a panel displaying those words. They are in that scene of of the second Henry IV. where, not only are these words in close juxtaposition, but "William Cooke" is twice mentioned by Justice Shallow in the space of a few lines. I told him that Mrs. Pott had written me as follows: (I insert here the passage from Mrs. Pott's letter to me of January 9th, 1886; of course, I only gave Judge Holmes my memory of it at the time.) "Justice Shallow was, of course, a personage well known to Bacon—a neighbor of his father-in-law, Sir. J. Packington. I saw their houses when we were at Droitwich two years ago. And Bacon's cousin, William Cooke, married a daughter or grand-daughter of Shallow. Mr. Donnelly has not said so, but I am sure that the cipher is telling of this circumstance." "Not quite that," said Judge Holmes, "Sir John Packingham was not Bacon's father-in-law, exactly. Bacon married Alice Barham, May 10th, 1606, and her mother was at the time the wife of Sir John; and the Bacon-Barham wedding-dinner was spread in Sir John's lodgings "over against the Savoy" in London. As to William Cooke being Bacon's cousin, I do not know! Sir Anthony Cooke was Bacon's maternal grandfather, so it is very likely. But let us see what Mr. Donnelly will make of it. Of course, in the play a comma must be supplied between "William" and "Cooke" (the context shows that "William" was Shallow's cook, to whom he was giving orders as to dinner), but while there is no comma between the phrase "Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's son," one never pays any attention to punctuation in conning Elizabethan books." The words are there, but, so far, what Mr. Donnelly frames is like the messages from Dante or Daniel Webster or somebody else that the Spiritualists offer us.

We know that under no circumstances could Dante or Daniel Webster talk such stuff." I said that the spiritualists account for it themselves by saying that it is the fault of the more or less ignorant medium who materializes the words! Judge Holmes laughed. I remarked that if we could only be warranted in assigning the Doubtful Plays to William Shakespeare, the whole thing would be settled—for Shakespeare could not possibly have begun a l' instant to produce masterpieces. Why not accept these Doubtful Plays as the beginnings, the pot-boilers, the 'prentice works of Shakespeare? "No sir," said Judge Holmes, these things were not done in a corner." "Then, said I, you do not accept my compromise, suggested in "The Shakespearean Myth," that Bacon composed the argument and substance of the plays, and that Shakespeare used what Bacon wrote as far as available, and edited what he used for the stage, pulling in clowns, or such characters as were necessary to make the plays "draw;" and then, after Shakespeare's death—and the plays had become neglected he (Bacon) restored them as he wrote them in the first instance and published them in the First Folio as "Shakespeare" in order to forestall any rumor or suggestion of his own authorship (which in his disgrace at court he would depreciate as an additional stigma.) If Bacon had had reason to avoid acknowledging the plays in the days before he was Lord Chancellor, he had certainly still more imperative reasons for hiding this secret after his fall. How could he have hidden it better than by giving out simultaneously two Folios—one his philosophical works, the Novum Organum under his own name—and the other the Folio of the Plays collected under the name he had used in his younger days"William Shakespeare." How easily, if there had been a suspicion during Shakespeare's lifetime, to have (as if innocently) referred to that suspicion by placing on record a collection of plays alleged to have been written by that very person?

Judge Holmes smiled. "You must remember, Mr. Morgan, that I have put myself on record in my book as to what I believe. When you want to know my theory, there it is, I have not advanced or receded from that." "I certainly have read your book, not once but many times, I said, and I take it, therefore, that you assert that Bacon was the sole author of the plays from beginning to end, that you accept no compromise, that it is Bacon or nobody!" "That is what I say in my book," replied Judge Holmes. I remarked that no actor would listen patiently to the Bacon concept, and Judge Holmes replied that such an opinion was arbitrary; that there are very few, if all is considered, figures and similes in the plays drawn from actors and theatrical things, fewer by actual count than references to any other craft or calling that is mentioned at all! And as to the plays being stage-edited (that

is, mountable as they stand on the First Folio, why Ben Jonson may have called in Heminge and Condell who, illiterate as they were, were at least journeymen actors, I doubt if the Quartos are actable as they stand.

I qualified my statement by adding that Mr. Boucicault once read my "Myth" and sent me word that "there was something in it," by which I understood him to mean that there was something in a non-Shakespearean authorship theory. I spoke of the tendency for every reader of Shakespeare to claim the author as of his profession. This was long before the days of Hamilton Mabie who makes Shakespeare out to have belonged to the Epworth League or at least to the Salvation Army of that date. Plenty of reverend persons demonstrate that Shakespeare knew his Bible by heart. It is only by careful examination that one finds that he got all his Bible stories from the miracle plays or from old tapestries or pictures in the churches and chapels.

As I arose to go, Judge Holmes delayed me a moment. "Here! (opening a book or reading from memoranda. I forget which) here is poor John Stowe's "Annals" continued down to 1614 by Edmund Homes, Gent." Here it is written: "Our modern and present excellent poets, who worthily flourish in their own works, and all of them in my own knowledge lived together in this Queen's region. According to their priorities as near as I could, I have orderly set down viz.: George Gascoigne, Esq., Sir Francis Bacon, Kt., is the eighth, M. Will Shakespeare, gent., the thirteenth. Mr. Christopher Marle (Marlowe) the sixteenth, Mr. Benjamin Jonson, the seventeenth, and so on; this proves, doesn't it, that Shakespeare was known not as the first? Construe the rest of the passage as you see fit."

I never saw Judge Holmes after this interview, but he seemed to feel that he had made a convert of me, for in the next edition of his book, he claimed me as a Baconian, pure and simple.

Appleton Morgan, Esq., of New York since the publication of his "Shakespearean Myth," has become (as I am credibly informed) a thorough believer in the Baconian authorship of the Plays." Volume 11 page 700:

I am sure I cannot imagine who "incredibly informed" Judge Holmes of this—and I wrote him at once to correct the proposition and to say that I still preserved an open mind. Judge Holmes instantly replied that he regretted it, etc., and would correct the statement in any later edition. No later edition, however, ever appeared. Judge Holmes never recurred to the subject in print again. He announced that he had convinced himself and passed on to other studies. He subsequently published in 1888, a volume "Realistic Idealism in Philosophy Itself," a work so recondite that I, for my part, have never been able to compel myself to peruse many pages of it.

My friends smile when I sometimes diffidently whisper that the Shakespeare pedigree, down to a certain point, is my own. The truth is, that for twenty-five years of my Shakespeare empressement, I should have smiled myself at such a suggestion. But a few years ago, Mr. John Pym Yeatman, Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, whom I had no knowledge of at the time, sent me his "The Gentle Shakespeare" (using the word Gentle in the Elizabethan sense "of gentle birth") in which he gives the result of his researches, and we reprint them in these pages (New Shakespeareana Vol. 1, page 73.) The pedigree of Shakespeare, according to Mr. Yeatman, starting at Gwened, King of Wales, A. D. 605, runs, as does the Morgan pedigree, to Cadel ap Rhadri-Mawr, King of South Wales. Of this Cadel A. D. 907; there were two sons Rhys and Edinet Vichan. From Rhys, the Morgan pedigree appears to be, according to the records, down to my own generation, unbroken. While from Edinet Vichan it runs through Griffith, Lord of Lansdon, and so down through the Griffith (Griffin) Line to Alice Griffin, who married Richard Shakespeare, father of John, the father of the Dramatist. Mrs. Stopes, who is our most careful Shakespeare genealogist, is not so sure that this Richard was the Richard who was father of John; but she herself, in her painstaking work "Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries" (The Shakespeare Head Press 1907), admits a Morgan (Thomas) into a Shakespeare connection. Without putting too much trust either in princes or in Welsh pedigree, I am rather proud of assuming a possible transmitted telepathy to myself somewhere.

When Mr. Frey came to me and suggested, as has already been narrated (New Shakespeareana ante Vol. IV, page 79), the founding of The New York Shakespeare Society, I had already determined that the interest awakened in Shakespeare matters by the Donnelly fiasco, warranted an American Shakespeare Society that should be something more than a mere debating society or reading club, but one that should be of service by publishing new matters and new exhibits. Of its thirty-seven volumes, added by the Society to Shakespeareana during my twenty-three years administration, others can speak. These volumes certainly copy no models and retravel no old grounds. They are lodged in every library in Christendom where we are proud to have them, and I may note here that the only opposition they or the Society have ever encountered has come from the class of very young college professors, who while it would be unjust to say that like Peacham's Schoolmaster, would not educate a youth beyond what his (that youth's) father knew, for fear they would be impudent to their parents, have not been, to say the least, over eager to conceive that any new thing could proceed from the United States, no more

so than they seem to have conceived that Shakespearean lore, like other lore, might, in a way, yield to an higher criticism. And yet although there is this all but abject slavishness to books written in Europe; and although our College professors go on from generation to generation telling their students that we must draw our original scholarship from across the ocean (an impression Europe will, of course, do its best to foster in saecula saeculorum) yet, in spite of it all, our American standards of scholarship are often loftier than the European standards. For the American, who writes a book is usually aware of this presumption, and toils to overcome it, and is diffident about letting his work appear until tested and re-tested and revised and verified to the Nth. power. Whereas the foreigner (the Englishman especially) with the presumption in his favor, is only too apt to feel that anything he vouchsafes to write, is good enough for the infidel in partibus infidelibus (America and Germany—where most English learned works go.) I can point out scores of works on Shakespeare in couples; one American the other English; and every time, the American will be the more thorough and compact and complete, and the English more or less careless, inaccurate and slipshod. And yet, if an American book reviewer review these two books, the chances are a thousand to one, that without bothering himself to cut the pages of either, he will say that the American book is well done; but that the really safe authority is the English work. And his statement will not only never be questioned, but, according to the standing of the journal in which is published, it will be copied into the common-place books of our over-systematized American libraries. If American University and College professors are to go on, in saecula saeculorum, teaching generation after generation of undergraduates that American Scholarship is, ex necessitate and always, inferior to the scholarship of any other nation, it is rather difficult to guess when the convention will ever begin to realize that it is not inferior or when America will not be subservient in everything except commercial matters, to all Christendom besides. We may be sure that if we never recognize or even suspect ourselves of occasional better work than is done elsewhere, it will never be proclaimed by foreigners. In the most obscure and provincial German or even Spanish seminary, the pupil will still be taught as he is taught there to-day (if he is taught anything, which does not always follow) that nothing worthy of the name of scholarship can originate in American precincts. And yet no book is produced in the known world that is not procurable more readily in our marts than in the marts of the country where it is produced (even in this somewhat limited Shakespeare field. Not once but hundreds of times, I have referred Englishmen to books printed in London of which they had never heard) and

there is no existence of original matter not accessible to our American scholars (a notable example was when a professor in a Nebraska university went over to London, and under the noses of persons who took all Shakespeare for their province, or persons who, like Sidney Lee, announced that nothing further was discoverable about Shakespeare—unearthed original records. Nor should it pass without mention, I think, that even when Professor Wallace announced this discovery with the utmost modesty, it was not permitted to be at all prominently printed in England until the British gentleman above named had himself announced it in terms so adroitly phrased that every British, German and (the more ignoble in us) American newspaper, announced that "Sidney Lee had discovered, etc., etc." And, as this is autobiography, and as in autobiography the perpendicular pronoun is expected. I may perhaps assert that I can indicate where even my own humble work is reprinted both in England and Germany without the slightest credit to myself or even the mention of my name: and lauded in the criticism of those countries as "sane," "safe," "original," "brilliant," and all the rest of it! I am quite too old a man to care much about these things, but I should like to feel before I go hence that at least in America, our American Scholarship would be recognized as quite as important as the Scholarship of the Kingdom of Barataria, or of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein.

I am sometimes astonished at the widespread familiarity with this controversy and that it is by no means an irrational or inconsiderable one, as to the authorship of Shakespeare—even among those whose ulterior or entirely non-germaine studies lead them into Shakespeare neighbourhoods. For example my old friend, Jedidiah K. Haywood, Counsellor at Law, at whose elbow in old twenty-nine Broadway I began to practise law in New York City, six months after leaving college in 1867, and who was sitting inside the bar (at what was then called "General Term") when I argued my maiden brief, has published an abstruse work of five hundred octavo pages entitled "A Rebuttal of Spiritism," to maintain that nothing not visible, or the logical consequence of the visible, exists at all. It is just the sort of a book I should have expected Mr. Haywood to write, if he wrote any. But I did not expect to find him, too, bowing himself in the House of Rimmon. But casually speaking of Shakespeare, he asserts that "there is no word of testimony other than hearsay, that Shakespeare wrote the Plays. Had not this pseudonym ("Shakespeare") become a fetish with us, argument to disprove his authorship would be absurd." (page 287.) And when a line further down, he says: "The name attached to the publications is not the same as that in the will. * * * The preface of the 1623 folio would not have

been written by an eminent chancery lawyer, as is evident from its terminology, over the signatures of two unknown actors, were not the person promoting the publication, as well as the authorship, to be concealed," I had to express my astonishment that Mr. Haywood had not ever read my "Myth."

When we founded our Society, I remembered once coming across a little pamphlet "Shakespeare's Medical Thoughts," and of being impressed with a certain unconventional note in it. One of the parties to whom I sent a prospectus of the Society, was to the author of this pamphlet, Dr. Benjamin Rush Field of Easton, Pennsylvania. Dr. Field, who is at present second Vice-President of the Society, responded, and from that day I date a friendship that has been one of the amenities of my life. My warm and close comrade, always loyal to me, it is not only as my friend that I must speak of him here. In every walk of life; as a citizen, a physician, and as a man identified with public trusts, he has been loved and honored. He has twice been Mayor of Easton, Pennsylvania, his native town. As to his military honours, I know less, but they are of record and like all his other records, distinguished. No less tried and true a friend has been Mr. Albert R. Frey, and I shall have much to say as to him when I come to an episode in the history of the Society which came near ending its usefulness without benefit of clergy. I may chronicle here as a ruse de loi, that my lawyer friends may possibly think well of in like cases, that once, when the Secretary of the Society, to embarrass me and bring about the election of a new President without waiting for another election day, (perhaps by advice of counsel) decamped with the seal and the record books, I appointed Mr. Frey Assistant Secretary to fill a vacancy. He then called a meeting and at that meeting we passed a by-law amending the design on our corporate seal, and opened a second volume of minutes. With the amended seal, and the current records, we had no difficulty in perpetuating the Society without the assistance of the courts, or the notoriety of litigation, and though the Cabal bustled and fussed they were impotent to annoy us; and from that time to this, seventeen years, all has gone on as sweetly as a marriage bell. Our publication work was not for a moment interrupted.

One day, during the subsidence of the Donnelly period, I found on my table a modest little pamphlet hailing from Chicago, entitled "Bacon vs. Shakespeare by Edwin Reed." It proved to be a restatement of the Bacon Theory minus any cipher standpoint whatever. Scarcely had it reached me, when it came again in a second edition, and successive editions came until it was fine and original—and, as even the orthodox will grudgingly admit) a

strong work. It spoke so highly of me, that being always susceptible to flattery, I wrote the author to thank him, and from that day to this the Hon. Edwin Reed and myself have been fast friends. As he has so complimented and praised me, I will not say how highly I value him and his work, lest we be accused of running a Reed-Morgan Mutual Admiration Society. But he has easily been the most indefatigable of American Baconians. Besides seven editions of his first book he has published six portly volumes devoted to it, all of them written in so charming a style that I once warned him that his readers might forget his matter in his manner.

With the exception of Mr. Reed, the Bacon Theory may be said to have passed from our American controversial literature. All the Baconian books now come from Great Britain, and Ireland. Messrs. Wigston, Castle, White, Bompas, Stronach, Bagley, Woodward, Sinnett, Sutton, Theobald, Begley, Webb, Lord Penzance, are a few of the British names that occur to me that have written bulky books, and British Baconian pamphlets are as leaves in Vallambrosia! These authors are for Bacon mostly, though with variations as to Marlowe, or perhaps Greene, as the Dramatist sought. Mr. W. H. Edwards of West Virginia, the plates of whose book were destroyed in the Robert Clark fire along with those of my "Myth," does not in his portly book, champion any author, although but urges with a wonderful wealth of detail the all but insuperable improbability of the plays, as we read them to-day, having been played "within the two hours traffic" of a Shakespeare theatre; and Judge Stotsenburg of Indiana in his "Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title" finds as many different literary styles in the Plays as did even Mr. Bunce, and does not dodge the responsibility of allotting them right and left to Bacon, Decker, Drayton, Webster, and others, though he claims that he no more than Mr. Edwards, can find that William Shakespeare, of whom we have the biographies, had part or lot in their composition. Besides them, three books by American gentlemen; Mr. Henry J. Ruggles's "The Plays of Shakespeare Founded Upon Literary Forms;" Mr. Theron S. E. Dixon's "Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare," and Mr. E. A. P. Roe's "The Mortal Moon, the De Foe Period Unmasked" (in which Mr. Roe discovers Bacon under the mask of Daniel Defoe, etc.,) were quite too bizarre to make much headway in controversial channels, though they all fail to find Shakespeare in the Plays.

Of course nobody could loiter long in Shakespeare precincts without risking the wrath of the terrible Dr. Furnivall. Nor did I long escape that awful person. It seems that I thoughlessly remarked that the Donnelly Cipher was no sillier than the Furnivall "Periods" and "Verse Tests" and

"Groups." This Dr. Furnivall construed as poking fun at his sacred "Sunny-or-Sweet-Time Group," "Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Burden-Falling Group" (to which Mr. Adee who was even more irreverent than I, and added his own "vexed-with-Human-Nature-and-Scolding-like-A-Wet-Hen Group;" Dr. Furnivall spared Mr. Adee and even asked him to dinner, but poured his choicest ammunition into me, even crushing me with the terrible sentence "Mr. Morgan, I am not a Born Fool!" (the Literary World, May 27, 1885.) On my rejoining that not being an alienist or a pathologist I could not pronounce whether Dr. Furnivall's folly was congenital or not, he doomed me to the cruel and unusual punishment of never under any circumstances being mentioned again (not even in his prayers) by Dr. Furnivall. A punishment under which I am still dragging out a weary existence. If I live to frame another chapter of these memoirs I shall have somewhat to say of this Furnivallian episode.

But if, in all these thirty years of controversy, I have made anything but friends, certainly I have forfeited no friendship I ever cared to retain. And almost every misunderstanding—I may, I think, say, every misunderstanding, has arisen from my inability to take my foeman or fellow-combatant as seriously as he wanted to be taken. To me the whole controversy—Baconian-Shakespearean—verse test, whatever it was—has been but a s' amuser avec le moutarde—a gentle avocation to be sidetracked at any moment for more serious and lasting things.

And so I leave the field with nothing but friends, save that many have indeed passed to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Of one of these and especially I record here my deep and ineffacable memory. Without the home she made for me, nothing that I have done in all those thirty years—if I have done anything—could have been done at all. It was all done at her side, and with her approval (for she, even if no one else, thought my work worth the while) and of her love. Her passing has left me to await my own summons with no aspiration to prolong, on my own part, our separation.

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!

(To be Continued.)

Appleton Morgan.

MARGINALIA

DR. MORGAN'S DICTUM THAT SHAKESPEAREANS ANSWER THE BACON Hypothesists by looking the other way is no longer reliable. For, in our last issue, Dr. Anders, the most recent of the Shakespearean Protagonists (and nathless the bravest, since, although his eminent predecessor Gervinus, had said that in more than forty given instances the expressions of Shakespeare and of Bacon were identical (Commentaries, Edition of 1849) and "that in Bacon's Maxims lie as it were the whole theory of Shakespeare's Dramatic forms and of his moral philosophy," Dr. Anders had boldly asserted that no traces of Bacon could anywhere be found in Shakespeare. But Dr. Anders did not rest contented, as many another Shakespearean has done with the mere assertion, and a refusal to maintain it, like a Lutheran Thesis, against all comers. In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA for January, 1908, he challenged Baconians to produce ten coincidences between Bacon and Shakespeare" not accountable for as Accidents! The committee we invited to meet this challenge we regret to say was inconvenient. But, out of their communications, I have been deputed to select eleven coincidences to be submitted to the learned Theban. The corrolary suggested being that if Dr. Anders pronounces these eleven coincidences "Accidents," then he confronts himself with the greatest coincidence of all, to-wit: That of eleven random "Accidents," every one of them points to a single and identical solution of a literary problem.

COINCIDENCE NUMBER ONE.

On the seventeenth day of April, 1593, in London, Francis Bacon was arrested for debt at the process of a Jew named Sympson, and thrown into a sponging house. Bacon applied for succour to his brother Anthony Bacon, and Anthony raised the money and released his younger brother. In the same year 1593 there was written, and divers times acted in London, a play called The Merchant of Venice, until its acting value having been satisfied, it was printed in Quarto in 1600. In this play, the debtor is one Bassanio (which might not or might suggest Bacon), but the good friend who redeems him is Antonio, which is certainly the Italian form of "Anthony," and the remorseless creditor is "Shylock the Jew," near enough, under the circumstances, to "Sympson the Jew."

COINCIDENCE NUMBER TWO.

In The Winter's Tale, Perdita, cast away when a babe and rescued and reared among Bohemian shepherds; when the Sicillian nobles discover her presents them each with a nosegay, with speeches which together are an exceedingly close paraphrase of Bacon's "Essay on Gardens." Dr. Anders can read the paraphrase for himself.

COINCIDENCE NUMBER THREE.

Between the first and second Quarto version of Hamlet there occurs a varient in statement as to the constituents of certain heavenly bodies. Also between the dates at which these two Quartos were printed, Bacon published a Treatise "Cogitatione de Natura Rerum," in which he rejected the theory of the Earth having been a moulton mass with fire at its core, and maintained that the earth is a cold mass. The parallelization between the two Quarto versions show the same change in theory as to the earth being fire.

The First Quarto Hamlet, 1603.	Second Quarto Hamlet, 1604.
Doubt that in earth is fire,	Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the stars do move.	Doubt that the sun doth move.

But this is not the only touch of Bacon in this extraordinary love-letter. Bacon rejected the Copernican theory that the sun was stationary, and to state the extreme of vagary, he says "doubt that the sun doth move."

COINCIDENCE NUMBER FOUR.

Again in Hamlet we have a change in the text of the first Quarto-this time by an omission in the second Quarto.

The Second Quarto Hamlet, 1604.	First Folio, 1623.
Sense, sure you have,	(Omitted.)
Else could you not have motion.	Restored in modern editions.
	Acts. III. Sc. IV., 71.

Simultaneously in the 1605 edition of the Advancement of Learning, Bacon held to the doctrine of the old philosophers, that everything that moves has sensibility, or as capable of sensation. But in his 1623 edition, he recedes from that position and expressly declared the doctrine untrue, and that there could be motion in inanimate and insentient bodies—as, for example, in the planets.

COINCIDENCE NUMBER FIVE.

On a single page of Bacon's Commonplace Book or Memoranda Book in which he jotted down catch words to suggest to him or remind him of matters he wished to recur to at convenience, these entries:

Rome Qui a bon voison a bon matin Golden slepe
The Larke Abed rouse out bed Uprouse You are Up.

appear upon a single page.

Dr. E. A. Abott, author of The Shakespearean Grammar and other Shakespeare works, is obliged to admit that, according to the habitude of literary persons—these entries seem to have been used as memoranda in framing this passage from the Romeo and Juliet, (or never used at all!) thus:

> "Young man it argues a distempered head
> So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed
> Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye
> And where care lodges sleep will never lie
> But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
> Doth couch his limbs there golden sleep doth reign."

being Friar Lawrence's greeting to Romeo on his early appearance at his cell (Romeo and Juliet II, iii, 133).

COINCIDENCE NUMBER SIX.

In the De Augmente Scientiarum, Bacon says "Is not the opinion of Aristotle to be regarded where he saith that young men are not fit auditors of moral philosophy because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections nor attuned by time and experience."

And in Troilus and Cressida we have the same allusion

> Unlike young men whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral Philosophy.

But what Aristotle did say was, not that young men ought not to hear Moral Philosophy, but that they should not study Political Philosophy! So that, whoever wrote the De Augmente and whoever wrote the Troilus and Cressida made the identical mismemorization of Aristotle.

COINCIDENCE NUMBER SEVEN.

Othello was first published, in 1622, in Quarto (Shakespeare having died in 1616). In 1623 it was reprinted in the Folio, with many important additions, among which was this passage:

> "Like to the Pontic sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
> To the Proponticke and the Hellespont."

"A short time previously, Bacon had been studying the phenomena of tides and currents, and had discovered the fact that the current in the Bosphorus always runs from east to west. He derived it from George Sandy's Travels, published in 1615, and used it in his posthumous treatise, *De Fluxu et Refluxu Maris*, written after 1615, and before 1623."

COINCIDENCE NUMBER EIGHT.

The Northumberland Manuscript should be submitted as a most astounding item of circumstantial Evidence of the more or less identity in literary output of Shakespeare and of Bacon. This manuscript has been described so minutely and examined so carefully so many times in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (Vol. I, p. 122, Vol. V, 118, 128, Vol. VI, p. 57) that it is only necessary to say that neither Prof. Anders nor anybody else can rail the seal from off that bond! A scrivener, trying his pen, scrawls the names "Bacon" "William Shakespeare" over and over; upon a single page also the names of sundry of their writings together with here and there words or sentences from those works. If there is any reason why this "Northumberland manuscript (or what there is left of it) is not circumstantial evidence of a coincidence of some sort between the two identities—that reason has never been stated.

COINCIDENCE NUMBER NINE.

It is a startling coincidence that Lord Bacon, with abundance of leisure after his fall, should plan and execute a life of Henry the Seventh, beginning it at the precise point at which the Shakespeare Play of Henry the Sixth ended, and closing it at the precise point at which the Shakespeare Play of Henry the Eighth began.

COINCIDENCE NUMBER TEN.

The fat knight in the two parts of Henry the Sixth was at first Sir John Oldcastle. When the Cobham family protested and the Lord Chamberlain ordered the name changed, he became "Sir John Falstaff." The origin of the name is beyond our guessing, unless a fact first pointed out by Judge Phelps gives us the clue. Says Judge Phelps "One of the famous cases of the day, the decision in which settled the action of assumpsit upon a firm basis, was Slade's Case, reported by Coke. The case was twice argued before all the Judges in England. It was pending from 1596 to 1602. Francis Bacon was counsel and associated with him as attorney on the same side as was John Halstaff. When the author of the first part of Henry the Fourth found himself obliged to find some other name than to substitute for Sir John Oldcastle and to find it in a hurry, did he get it from the name of John Halstaff?

COINCIDENCE NUMBER ELEVEN.

In the first part of Henry the Sixth, Act II, Scene III, there is a parley between the and French armies, for which there is no historical authority. Jeanne d' Arc addresses the Duke of Burgundy in long speech of thirty-three lines, which speech is an absolutely faithful blank-verse version of a letter written by the Maid of Orleans to the then Duke of Burgundy dated July 17, 1429. But this letter never saw the light of print until, in 1780 the Historian of the House of Burgundy, M. Brugiere de Barante, found it among the papers of that house. (Prof. Anders will find this letter printed in full in Edwin Reed's "Coincidences Between Bacon and Shakespeare" Boston—Coburn Publishing Company, 1906). The main incident in Love's Labours Lost—the embassy of the court beauties to procure a remission for France of a tribute due the King of Navarre which France found it inconvenient to pay—in the hope that the fascinations and blandishments of the French ladies would conquer a susceptible King—is the employment of an actual occurrence. But that occurrence was, in court affairs, so minor a record, that it is chronicled nowhere in any published History. It was not unearthed until found by Joseph Hunter in 1847. But Lord Bacon spent his early life in France as an attaché of an English ambassador, and certainly might—so far as opportunity went— have seen both these unpublished records. But unless the standard biographies of him are all wrong, William Shakespeare certainly could not have seen them.

Out of, perhaps, three or four thousand coincidences, which by the patience of scholars, have been unearthed—possibly the eleven above given—out of which Dr. Anders can select his desired ten—are as apparent, to the general, and require as less an intimate familiarity with the works of both writers—as any others.

JOSEPH SOHMERS.

IN THE FOLLOWING ITEM, WHICH WE REPRINT FROM THE NEW YORK Sun, our readers will again catch the familiar note. London is, it seems, once more to have a monument to Shakespeare, and the United States is to pay for it. New York City, Paris, St. Louis, Chicago, Weimar and numerous other municipalities have built monuments to Shakespeare and paid for them without making any fuss about it, or asking somebody else to foot the bills. It is pleasant to see that the adoption of the resolution to collect a million dollars in the United States (Other nations are mentioned, but nobody is fooled) was "unanimous." It is still more gratifying to learn that this million has been already distributed, and that half of it is assigned to the statue of Shakespeare and the other half to something else! If the matter will lead, or if it has led, to the removal of the insulting references to Americans which certain officials have lately displayed in Stratford sneering at Americans for not paying through the nose for a window in Stratford Church which no American ever ordered or was consulted about, the matter will have already done some good. This is the item:

LONDON, March 5.—The movement for a Shakespeare memorial, begun some time ago, in which the United States associated with Great Britain, advanced importantly to-day, when the general committee adopted the executive committee's report recommending the raising of £200,000, half of which is to be devoted to the erection of a statue in London and the remainder for some international purpose in furtherance of Shakespearian aims.

The difficulties regarding a site for the monument have been overcome, the King having consented to the removal of the statue of his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, from the top of Portland place, to make way for the Shakespeare statue.

The executive committee aims to make the tribute worldwide, and hopes that all countries will join Great Britain and the United States in an epoch making effort that will enable the public dedication of the memorial to be the crowning event of the Shakespeare tercentenary in 1916. Among the execu-

tive committee's many recommendations is a competition for a design for the memorial, to be open to the English speaking races of the world, each design to be the work of a sculptor and architect collaborating. Sketched designs are to be submitted by July, 1908. Six will be chosen for final competition, each receiving a honorarium. The completed designs are to be submitted in February, 1909. A committee of selection has been appointed including Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador who has been invited to nominate a sculptor to serve with him. The general committee has resolved to form an international committee. The Ambassadors and other diplomats will cooperate. Prof. Gollanz, secretary of the movement, says its pith is the wonderful fact that the peoples of the world are willing to put aside national, political and religious differences and join in homage to Shakespeare. As proof of this all the nations of the earth this year presented flags to the town of Stratford-on-Avon to be unfurled on Shakespeare's birthday.

We share dear Dr. Gollanz's enthusiasm, and venture to hope that the sending of flags to Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday, and the collecting of a million of dollars are equally elementary processes!

Books Received

278. The Principles of English Verse. By Charlton M. Lewis: Sanford, Professor of English in Yale University. 12mo., cloth, pp. 142. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

274. Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages. By Joseph S. Tuñison. 12mo., cloth, pp. 350. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

287. The Ibsen Secret. A key to the Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen. By Jennette Lee, Professor of English Language and Literature in Smith College. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 207. New York: G. P. Putnams Sons.

297. The Genesis of Hamlet. By Charlton M. Lewis: Emily Sanford, Professor of Literature in Yale University. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 133. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

293. The Diary of Master William Silence. A study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan sport. By the Rt. Hon. D. H. Madden, M. A., Hon. LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. New edition. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 400. London, New York: Bombay and Calcutta, Longmans, Green & Co.

295. French Men of Letters Series. Edited by Alexander Jessup, L. H. D. Francois Rabelais. By Arthur Tilley, M. A. 12mo., cloth, pp. 388, with portrait. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

296. Vers de Societé Authology, Collected by Carolyn Welles. 5½ x 7½ in. Cloth, pp. 357. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons.

278. The Shakespeare Library. The Shakespeare Classics, Green'es "Pandosto," or "Dorastus and Fawnia," being the original of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," newly edited by P. G. Thomas. Small 4to., pp. 147. New York: Duffield & Co., 1907.

299. The Shakespeare Library. The Shakespeare Classics. Lodge's "Rosalynde," being the original of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by W. R. Greg, M. A. Small 4to., pp. 209. New York: Duffield & Co., 1907.

300. The Shakespeare Library. Shakespeare's Holinshed; the Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared. By W. G. Boswell-Stone. 8vo., pp. 532. New York: Duffield & Co., 1907.

301. The Shakespeare's Library. Robert Laneham's Letter: Describing a Part of the Entertainment Unto Queen Elizabeth at the Castle of Kenilworth in 1575. Edited with an introduction by F. J. Furnivall. 8vo., pp. clxxxii.-87. New York: Duffield & Co., 1907.

302. The Shakespeare Library. The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth: Awdeley's "Fraternitye of Vagabondes" and Harman's "Caveat." Edited with an introduction by Edward Viles and F. J. Furnivall. 8vo., pp. xxix.-116. New York: Duffield & Co.

280. Collectianea. First Series. Richard Burbage, Marlowe and Shakespeare. Ben Jonson's method of composing Verse. John Webster and Sir Philip Sianey. Edmund Spencer "Locrine" and "Selimus." The authorship of Arden of Fevershaw. By Charles Crawford. Cloth, sm, 12 mo., pp. 136. Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press.

281. Collectanea. Second Series. Montaigne, Webster, Marston, Donne and Webster. The Bacon-Shakespeare Question. Cloth, sm. 12mo., pp. 134. Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press.

303. Shakespeare's Sonnets and A Lover's Complaint 1609, with an introduction by W. H. Hadow. Library calf, sq. boxed edges, pp. 201. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde.

304. The Tragedies of Seneca. Translated into English Verse. To which have been appended comparative analyses of the corresponding Greek and Roman Plays and a mythological Index by Frank Justus Miller. Introduced by an essay on the influence of the tragedies of Seneca upon Early English Drama. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 535. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Portrait.

305. Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries. By Charlotte Carmichael Stopes. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 270. Stratford upon Avon: The Shapespeare Head Press.

306. The Oxford Book of French Verse From the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Chosen by St. John Lucas, Coll. univ. Oxon. Cloth, sq. 16mo., pp. 490. New York: Oxford University Press American Branch.

307. Studies in the Word-Play in Plantus. By Charles Jasbrow Mendelsohn, Ph.D. I. The Name Play. II. The Use of Single Words in a Double Meaning. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. 8vo., paper, pp. 155. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

308. The Essays of Frances Bacon. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Mary Augusta Scott, Ph.D., Professor of English Language and Literature in Smith College. Cloth, pp. xcvi-293. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

309. A Typical Shakespearean Stage—The Outer-Inner Stage. The third chapter of a Study of the Shakespearean Stage. By Victor E. Albright, M. A. Paper, 8vo., pp. 42. Translated. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

310. Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642. A History of the Drama in England from the Accession of Queen Elizabeth to the Closing of the Theatres, to which is prefixed a Résumé of the Earlier Drama from its Beginnings. By Felix E. Schelling, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. 2v., cloth, Royal 8vo., pp. 603.-685. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press.

278. Professor Lewis proposes a somewhat original method of teaching the principles of English verse. And if it occur to the reader that it makes the metrical facility rather a curiosity—that poems might have been written that way or they might not—one must admit that the book is a charming one to read, and ought to be a relief from the academic commonplace of the class-room. As to what in particular the student would learn from this book: (how to be a poet, for instance)—we might speculate. But what one learns from any of these sorts of books is curious speculation anyhow!

274. We are impressed with the care and erudition that distinguishes the publications of the University of Chicago Press. Of course the title of the present work "Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages" implies analyses of the old Miracle, Mystery and Morality Plays, and their origins in the Religious (or rather the Clerical, for there was not much religion about the matter) dominence of the times. The Church gave birth to the Theatre—but almost immediately began to fight its offspring. And it is the beginning of this fight which Mr. Tunison describes and records. In his Preface he says "that he does not assert more than a sporadic cultivation of what would now be called the legitimate theatre at any part of the period between Constantine and Otto III. He has, he says, merely attempted to hold a brief for one of the parties to a controversy, which—in his opinion—has either been ignored or decided incorrectly for nearly three-quarters of a millennium. This controversy, he avers, must be brought to some final conclusion before the literary history of Europe can be written correctly. The work is a weighty and an erudite contribution to Dramatic Historical criticism, and deserves careful perusal. The range of reading, of which it is the proceeds, is occult and unusual. And the work is admirable from every point of view.

287. "The Secret of Ibsen" is a readable book of esthetic and sign-post criticism of Ibsen. But "The Secret of Ibsen" is a secret still!

297. This does not assume to pretend to the range of the elaborate exhaustive and erudite "Ur-Hamlet," added recently to The Bankside-Restoration Series by the general editor of that Series, Dr. Morgan. But it is careful, thoughtful, and faithful to all the authorities, and is a work highly creditable to its author.

293. This new edition of a somewhat unusual work is, of course, one of that familiar class of book which winnows out of the Plays everything touching or appertaining to a selected topic. But it is much better than the average of the class aforesaid. To the present edition, the Hon. author delivers himself, a propos des bottes, of a long discussion of the Baconian Theory, having as its text the lucus a non lucendo that there is only one person more foolish than the believer in a Baconian Authorship and he is, the man that argues with him! But we refuse to consider the Hon. author this most foolish person, even though he himself insists, by arguing with him, that he so regards himself! The criticism we make is, that the Hon. Author repeats all the stock arguments of which this weary old world is so full; and adds not one thing of his own! The body of the book has stood all tests and been found by those who need (or think they need) a catalogue of Shakespeare's reference to field sports, valuable to a demonstration. The Preface in twenty-six pages is quite negligible surplusage.

305. Mrs. Stopes is our most cautious, severe and valuable Shakespearean genealogist. Nothing that she signs her name to can be safely overlooked. And this work has only to be published to become standard. No other work takes its place and no Shakespeare working-Library can substitute for it an equivalent work. The pleasant reflection that even so cautious a lady as Mrs. Stopes is human, wells up when we still see her clinging to her pet fad that Mr. Justice Shallow was not Sir Thomas Lucy! We have never, we think, read a better demonstration that Shallow WAS Sir Thomas Lucy! That a lampoon is not a lampoon because it is not a Biography or a Chronicle History, and all that, is one of Mrs. Stope's human frailties! But it is cabined, cribbed and confined in a chapter by itself and neither intrudes upon nor mars the value of this invaluable Record of Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries.

295. Rabelais is not an author easy to read. Mr. Tilley's interpretation therefore is welcome. In substance, Mr. Tilley tells us that Rabelais was much more than a Democritus, a laughing philosopher. As his days were the days of the Holy Office, and as anybody was a Heretic whom the

priests chose to call a Heretic, it were best to write as Rabelais did. But his philosophy was nevertheless written in his books. He was an optimist. He did not value creeds or forms. He believed in God, in astrology—in immortality, in dreams (which were the visits of the soul in its vacations while the sleeping body would spare its ministrations. And he counseled a not too insistent seeking after pure truth—which (as indeed Lessing maintained) belongs to God alone! He belived that the drinking of wine was life), and that, without wine, there was no wisdom. In short, he taught that one must disregard fortuities—accept everything as it came, and that the only safe maxim was Bon espoir y gist au fond.

280-281. Mr. Crawford's method is the Inductive method. Au pied de la lettre. The only limitation of the value of his inductions might be a possible scholarly resistance to the postulate from which he draws his specifications. For example: He postulates it that Florio's Montaigue exerted a great influence upon Webster, and proceeds to trace that influence in "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi." (And likewise—Spencer's influence upon Marlowe, and so on). Rigidly carrying out this Metier, when Mr. Crawford comes to the bigger half of his second volume—The Bacon-Shakespeare Question, he is obliged to first assert that there is nothing in it—and then to illustrate that there is a good deal in it. It is an ugly mirror that reflects only ugly faces. The fact that this mirror might reflect a beautiful face if only a beautiful face came before it, counts nothing with Mr. Crawford. But barring Mr. Crawford's unfortunate handicapping of himself at the outset, he has reprinted here a large amount of valuable and succinct and suggestive criticism of Webster, Sidney, Spencer, Montaigue, Marston and Donne—and the books are patient and comprehensively studious. His suggestions as to the authorship of "Locrine" "Arden of Faversham" and "Silenus" are interesting. In discussing Dr. Theobald's "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" he, like most of Dr. Theobald's critics—selects only such of Dr. Theobald's specifications as he (Mr. Crawford) can attack! The book attacked is a big one, with hundreds of specifications. Mr. Crawford gives it a matter of twenty pages and disposes of almost a score of specifications. It is to be hoped that one of these days this unpleasant Bacon business may be estimated of sufficient literary importance to be exploded item by item, so that the world may be at peace!

308. Prof. Scott has two qualifications for her task: enthusiasm and knowledge. Her introduction, which occupies about a quarter of the volume, is worth reading. On disputed points she follows Spedding, and is of course commonly safe in so doing. In the matter of annotation she errs on

the side of excess. For a reader fit to read Bacon at all to be informed that Publius Vergilius Maro was a famous Roman epic, didactic, and idyllic poet, with a list of his works, or that Nero's full name was Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus, later Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus, that a haberdasher is a dealer in small articles connected with dress and so on, is rather tiresome! Information suitable to a kindergarten is not in place here. On the other hand, Bacon was such a persistent misquoter that when he professes to make a direct citation it is as apt as not to be a paraphrase and proper translation is worth looking up, and the translation worth making. We do not find it always correctly made. As a translation of "erant in officio" "They were in office" is altogether too good to be true. "On duty" might do. But upon the whole, this is a fairly good edition of the essays—possibly for some readers the best.

310. In two splendid volumes, Professor Schelling has covered the entire field of the English Drama—from its inception in the Miracle Plays —through its capital development in the Elizabethan age—after which its permanence became parcel of the History of English Literature. To substitute for mere annals and obvious commonplaces of history and biography, a recognition of the extraordinary varieties of dramatic composition which characterized the time, to determine the nature of each play considered, and, referring it to its class, establish its relation to what had preceded and what was to come, is fine prescience! His work has been divided by subject, and not tied to accidents of chronology and individual authorship, as the plan has been rather to write a history than compile dramatic annals. None the less, the orderly succession of time has not been neglected, as it has been found that the various larger groups into which tthe drama naturally falls assume a well defined sequence in time. Prof. Schelling comprehends the following subjects: The Old Sacred Drama, with the plays in biblical subjects which grew out of it; The Morality and Earlier Secular Plays; the New Romantic Drama, with a later consideration of Romantic Comedy and Romantic Tragedy; the Chronicle Histories and those devoted to foreign contemporary historical subjects, as well as the long series derived from the themes and examples of the ancients; the domestic drama, tragic and comic, and the comedy of manners which grew out of it. An important earlier chapter discusses in full the construction of the Elizabethan play house and the involved questions of Shakespearean and other performances; while later chapters detail the history of the pastoral, the drama at the Universities, the masque at court, and the decadence of the drama in the time of King Charles through the later comedy of manners, tragicomedies, and "rom-

ances." The Dramatists are treated as subordinated to their work and the time in which they lived; Shakespeare is represented not as an isolated genius, but in his contact with his fellow workers, and as the natural crown and glory of an unparalleled age. The work is furnished with the necessary apparatus, a bibliography of the dramatists and comment on them for further guidance, a finding list of plays, and a full index. It is a monumental work from every point of estimate.

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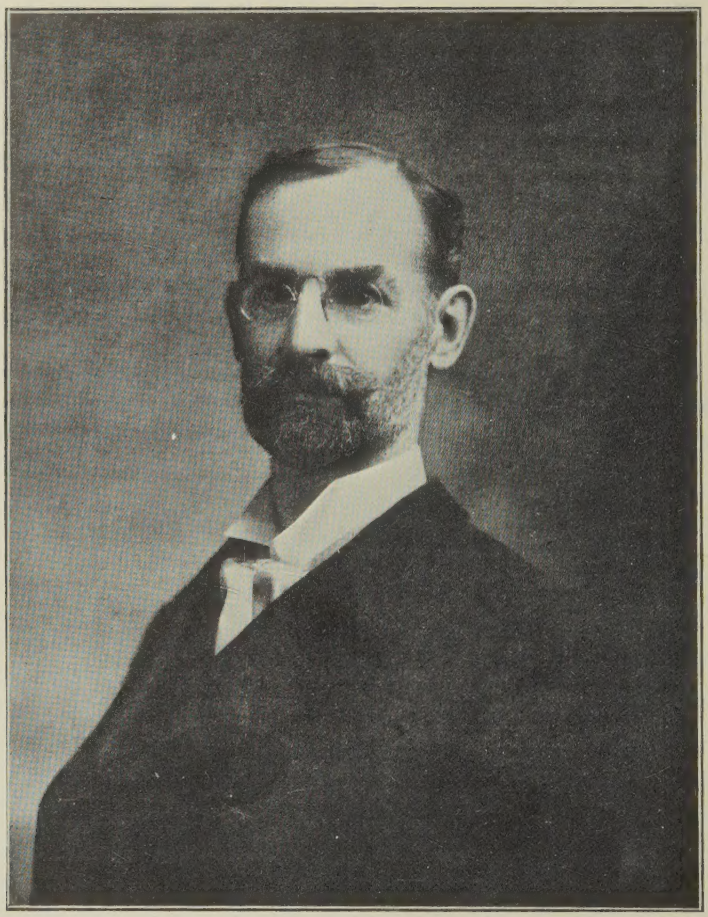

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